

simply must have, and he laid his plans accordingly.

When it was rumored in the village that there had been attempts to rob the mail between St. Louis and Indianapolis the wise-acres cheerfully bobbed their heads. One might expect that any place else except on their own five-mile stretch. But Kushto Bak sensed something which had escaped the perception of the humans around him. He did not like the "traveler" who had so closely examined him in the village and afterward, on pretext of seeing the crops at the Hannah farm. No one could deceive his desert blood in the scent of an enemy and no danger had ever come nigh his gypsy or his French master that he had not known of beforehand.

Late one stormy evening William and Kushto Bak had waited three hours for the over-due relay they were to relieve, and it was pouring rain when the rider finally dashed up, flung the mail sack to William and Kushto Bak was off. The two first miles lay on the far side of the village; the third mile brought them well past Indianapolis; the fourth was beyond, out toward the Hannah farm, along Pogue's Run; the end of the relay stretch just a mile distant from the long, gray-covered bridge.

The blackness of the night seemed to increase instead of lessen as horse and rider dashed farther into it and the fierce winds might have come from the vastness of the Arab's own deserts, for its wild sweep and force. Beneath its howls and shrieks, as of a thousand dervishes, there was a threatening undertone, like the warning chant of advancing hosts. To Kushto Bak it brought the inspiration of inheritance, of former life and scenes, but to William it seemed that never before could there have been such a night since the world began. When they neared the farm, where he could usually see the distant, home-lights, there was only blackness and the hill itself was hidden by an inky curtain. Almost invariably Rosanna listened or came out to view their passage, were it morning or evening. Now the hoof-beats were not to be heard for the storm.

But Kushto Bak flew forward as straight and swift as the sure message of a desert spear. In good weather any half breed could travel and the gypsy Arabian was no "pash-ratti" to be overcome by night and rain and wind combined. But as he sped, with William courageously clinging close to the precious load they carried, the wind changed, blowing straight against them, and Kushto Bak sniffed danger. It was danger which would grow as they approached, he knew, but although it would increase to its height before it would be past, it must

be reckoned with and faced. The inspiration of his mystic instinct increased as he flew. His speed grew greater and William, battling to breathe in the chill grip of the wind, could trust only to the horse's knowledge and his own and Rosanna's faith. He could no longer tell just where they were. He thought they must soon be on the bridge, but he realized nothing clearly save that they were serving their country and he was glad it was not all easy service.

Kushto Bak's hoofs suddenly ceased striking the ground. Had the wind at last blown him off his feet? They were in the wild, black blank of an inky atmosphere for one second. Or was it for all the rest, even unto the end of their lives? Serving their country! It was William's only definite thought until he was on soft earth with a half-stumbling roll and a cold silky nose rubbing his face. He jumped up quickly. He was not hurt, the mail-sack was evidently intact and the horse stood ready to go on. The boy swung himself up, Kushto Bak picking his way a little more slowly until he reached the proper road-bed, and they finished the last mile very little behind time. When the mail-sack had been swung onto the next post-horse's back and was safely speeding forward, William, by the tavern lights, carefully looked over Kushto Bak. But the Arabian was only wet and muddy.

It is an old, old story now, how the tavern people went back to the bridge with William and found the gypsy thoroughbred had leaped a yawning gap of twenty feet in the bridge flooring, in the blackness, with the Quaker post-rider on his back. And Hoosier boys of that and the succeeding generation took fear-inspiring delight in creeping near the place at dusk, half hoping to see emerge therefrom the man who had torn up the flooring under cover of the storm and then concealed himself to wait the oncoming and downfall of horse and rider.

William and Kushto Bak continued to serve their country in more than one capacity for William "rode the circuit" on the Arabian before being called to the legislature. Kushto Bak was still so gay and wise at thirty and William such a credit to the state at large that it was unconsciously felt the Arabian had helped William to achieve distinction, and so had brought to many the blessing of "Kushto Bak."

Stock Judging.

An editorial in the Polk County Record contains some good advice to stock growers:

Florida will soon rank as one of the foremost stock growing states in the union, and it is gratifying to know that our farmers are gradually making improvements in their stock. The best all-purpose cattle are sought in many instances, and it is cheering to note the ever increasing interest taken in teaching and learning how to determine the quality of domestic animals by their external appearance or points. "Live stock judging," it is called, and the art cannot have too many good teachers nor too many attentive learners. Knowledge of live stock, to know a good animal at sight, is absolutely essential to successful

VERDICT FOR DR. PIERCE

AGAINST THE
**Ladies' Home
Journal.**

Dr. Pierce's Traducers Come to Grief.

Their Base Slanders Refuted. Decision by the Supreme Court of the State of New York against the Ladies' Home Journal Publishers.

Sending Truth After a Lie.

John Graham, in a letter "from a self-made merchant to his son," says: "Sending the truth after a lie that has got a running start is like trying to round up a stampeded herd of steers while the scare is on them. Lies are great travelers and welcome visitors in a good many homes, and no questions asked. Truth travels slowly, has to prove its identity, and then a lot of people hesitate to turn out an agreeable stranger to make room for it."

A case in point was the slanderous and libelous article published by the Ladies' Home Journal in May, 1904, wherein it was claimed that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Doctor Pierce promptly brought suit against the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal. The suit was for \$200,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business; furthermore, that no alcohol, or other injurious, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is of purely vegetable composition, being made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever, and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

A retraction was printed by said Journal but not until two months after the libelous article appeared. They had to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription," made by eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs! But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured from the effect of the publication of the original libel with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the original wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief. Their base slanders were refuted and they were obliged to "eat humble pie."

During the trial of the libel suit Dr. Lee H. Smith, Vice-President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, stated under oath that the ingredients of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription were wholly extracted from the following native roots: Golden Seal, Blue Cohosh, Lady's Slipper, Black Cohosh and Unicorn by means of pure glycerine of proper strength. He was asked how he knew, as a physician and experienced medical man, that the "Favorite Prescription" was a cure for the diseases peculiar to women, such as female weakness, leucorrhea, prolapsus, retroversion and other displacements of the womanly organs, and he stated that he

knew such was the fact because of his professional experience and the many thousands of women whose ills had been cured by this "Prescription."

This experience of Dr. Smith was corroborated by the standard Medical Authorities of the several schools of medicine endorsing the various ingredients in the strongest terms. Dr. Smith being asked to name some of these authorities as to the curative value of the above roots read from the standard works, such as the United States Dispensatory; The American Dispensatory; Organic Medicines, by Grover Coe, M. D.; Materia Medica and Therapeutics, by Professor Finley Ellingwood of the Bennett Medical College of Chicago; "New Remedies," by Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Chicago; Text-Book of Therapeutics, by Dr. Hobart A. Hare, Professor in University of Penn'a; Laurence Johnson, M. D., Professor in University of New York; Professor John King, Author of "Woman and Her Diseases"; Wm. Paine, M. D., Author of "New School Practice of Medicine"; Professor John M. Scudder, M. D., Author of a treatise on "The Diseases of Women"; Horatio C. Wood, M. D., Author of "Therapeutics"; Roberts Bartholow, A. M., M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica, Jefferson Medical College of Phila.

All these recognized and standard authorities praise in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient which enters into the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments. In fact the "Favorite Prescription" stands alone as being the only medicine for woman's special ailments which has any such professional endorsement which fact is generally recognized as entitled to much more weight than any amount of lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The "Favorite Prescription" stands alone as the only non-secret, medicine for woman's ailments, the manufacturers of which are not afraid to publish their formula broadcast—thus courting the fullest scrutiny.

The "Favorite Prescription" has been on trial in court and came out fully vindicated as containing no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

What other medicine for women could stand such a test?

No invalid women can afford to accept a secret nostrum of unknown composition for this tried and proven remedy of known composition. Leading physicians often prescribe it because they know exactly what it is made of and that the ingredients of which it is composed are the very best known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and delicate ailments. Sold by all druggists.

Disease takes no summer vacation.

If you need flesh and strength use

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summer as in winter.

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breeding. Such knowledge enables the breeder to select from his own herds the individuals that will be worthy sires or dams, and also enables him to couple the two in a manner to produce desired results, and without such knowledge breeding must be a hit-or-miss, go-as-you-please sort of work. There can be no certainty about it, and therefore if improvement is made it will be due to luck or chance.

Pedigree has been the chief reliance of breeders in the past, and experience has demonstrated the unreliability of that sort of dependence. Breeder, know thy animals, is the es-

sential factor in live stock improvement, and to know an animal's pedigree is a secondary consideration—not the first. Be able to know that the individuality of an animal is all right—that is the difficult thing to know—and then get assurance of its good breeding, which is easy, and live stock improvement will strike a gait that it has failed to strike in the past. The stock rearing farmer, young or old, should miss no opportunity to attend a well conducted stock-judging school or class. It is the surest road to live stock improvement; in fact, the only road to positive improvement